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One Candle











Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

A single candle is lit

In front of the wide river

The sky is dark

It is night

Gently,

She places the candle onto the raft

With a small push

It floats down the dark stream

The light illuminating the path

Joining the other candles on rafts

And leading the ones yet to follow

Chapter 2 by The Art of Suffering



I hate to admit it,

I hate to admire the beauty

of this beautiful night.

See more of Story Wars

or

A single tear,

A single candle.

A single love,

A single hatred,

A burning desire,

A drowning depression.

A murdering sorrow,

A living dread.

I am alone...

And my love...

Is dead.

Chapter 3 by Fanwizard



It was never meant to happen.

I never planned to fall in love with the boy who would later break my heart after I broke his heart

Love is unpredictable.

I never knew

how deep he was in his depression

how far he was from being saved

how little of a chance there was that he would be

saved

I was supposed to be the one saving him

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or

I can't even look his parents in the eye knowing that their only son had killed himself because of me.

I couldn't rescue him because I didn't know.

They had trusted me.

He had trusted me.

And Het them all down.

The only thing that he left behind were pictures when he should have been burning them. But he had no time left.

The memory of him saying goodbye one final time still burns in my memory refusing to snuff out refusing to stop burning and fade away.

Like he would in time.

I take out another candle.

Chapter 4 by Fanwizard

I glance at the pink skin on my left arm

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or

If you love someone, set them free. If they come back they're yours; if they don't they never were.

He thought I would be happier if he weren't around thinking that he was the problem

He was wrong.

I make mistakes, never showing him how much I loved him

He read the signs wrong.

He chose his path.

He bought pills.

He wrote a note.

He swallowed the handful of pills.

Another tear falls into the river and I sob.

In the distance,
I can hear his mother
crying into his father's shoulder
as they light more candles.

It was my fault.

Chapter 5 by BeLoved



The tragic part is

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or

Echoes of that night still flash through my mind

The shouts
the arguments
the tears
and the final straw

I didn't know when I said goodbye that it would truly be goodbye

The fight that pushed him over the edge that set his mind in stone

By the next morning he had all of his plans

Go to school come home eat dinner

wash dishes

clean room

write note

send out emails

swallow pills

and wait

Waiting for the pills to rob his cells of oxygen

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or

one last time to form his last words

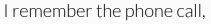
A tear falls into the water as I sob

trying to let go
of the good and bad memories
knowing that I should have let go
a long time ago

but finding it impossible

How can you let go of someone who isn't really gone?

Chapter 6 by BunnyThatBad



his mother on the other line crying.

I remember when she told me,

A whirl wind blew through me,

It knocked me down.

It's all my fault.

It's all my fault.

It's all my fault.

It's all my fault.

That he bought

those pills.

Because he thought,

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I think of him,

Writing that note.

Opening the cap to the pills.

I think of his hands,

those beautiful hands.

opening up his death.

To be swallowed whole.

His mother knows,

that I broke him.

Broke her baby boy.

She does not yell,

because she is now empty inside.

As am I.

The tears have drained me.

And as I place this candle on the river,

To float and crash and burn out,

I think of his smile,

Forever burned in my eyes.

Chapter 7 by Vintage Girl

Life didn't seem

to be worth living

anymore

once he was gone

Maybe when he died

I died a little bit also

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Because I did that

When I finally those words

that I never meant

I pushed him over the edge

And when his life ended

when everything inside just exploded

I'm affected by the explosion

with pieces of shrapnel

buried deep under my skin

to remind me

of what I did

Chapter 8 by Vincent Tagros



She pushed me into the vain cliff of rocks and sea leaping onto the red vineyard all because I was a coward which kept my poison intact with her illustrious hypnotism

Bloomed without regrets, I stood up to my flaming ligaments that led my dreams to tell her my dark side
I stared at my ruby birthmark on my quaking neck where I had my bruise from the city that is careless

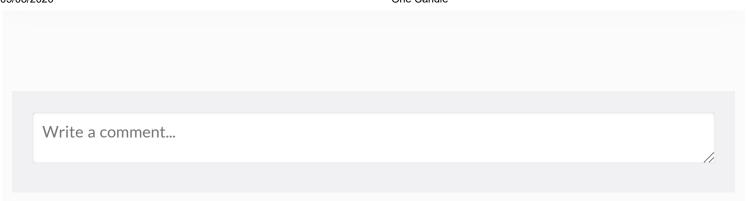
Honey mildew milk spoiled my meditation as I was about to light the wick with my bare hands and I have met her cherry lips again which almost made my trust into fractures

I could've

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